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THE  
C U R E  
OF  
S A U L.  
A  
S A C R E D O D E.

As it is performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL in  
*Covent-Garden.*

---

Written by DR. B R O W N.

---

Set to select *Airs, Duets, and Choirs*, from HANDEL,  
MARCELLO, PURCEL, and other eminent Composers.

---

*Grata Testudo!—Laborum  
Dulce Lenimen! Mibi cunque salve,  
Rite vocanti.*

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS against *Gray's-Inn, Holbourn,*  
Printers to the ROYAL SOCIETY.  
MDCCLXIII.

## Advertisèment.

*It was found necessary to omit a few Lines in the Ode, for the sake of bringing the Performance to a proper Length of Time : And the Poem is here divided into three Parts, to mark the several Pauses in the Representation.*



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THE  
A R G U M E N T.

**S** AUL, for his *Disobedience to Heaven*, is afflicted with the Fiend of MELANCHOLY, p. 7. DAVID is sent for, to cure him by the Power of Music, p. 8. He comes, attended with a Choir of Shepherds; and, as the means of dispelling SAUL'S Despair, he sings the Creation of the World, and the happy Estate of our first Parents in Paradise, ib. to 9. SAUL is moved by the Representation; but expostulates with DAVID, "why, when others are happy, He should be miserable," p. 13. DAVID, to convince him that Guilt is the Source of Misery, sings the Fall of Man, and his Expulsion from Paradise, ib. This alarms the Monarch's Pride; and instead of reclaiming, provokes him to Resentment and Rage, p. 14. DAVID, superior to his Threats, awakens his Conscience, and terrifies him, by singing the Fate and Punishment of Guilt, in the Destruction of the rebellious Tribe of CHORAH by an Earthquake, p. 15. SAUL, struck with Horror, attempts to kill himself, p. 16. But being prevented by his Friends, DAVID soothes his Anguish, by invoking Repentance and divine Mercy to compose his Passions, p. ib. SAUL relents into virtuous Sorrow, p. 17.  
But

*But his Despair returning, DAVID calls on his attendant Choir to raise a more sublime and affecting Strain, p. 17. This hath its Effect; and SAUL melts into Tears of Penitence, 18. DAVID now comforts him with the Return of the divine Favour, p. 1b. To banish the Remains of Pride, he then sings his own Happiness in the humble Station of a Shepherd, 19. Still farther to compose the Monarch's Grievs, by a Strain of soft Music he throws him into a gentle Slumber; invoking celestial Visions to transport him to the Regions of the Blessed, and change his Anguish into Joy, p. 20. The desired Effects appear in his Countenance: The Fiend departs: And SAUL awakes in perfect Tranquillity, p. 21. DAVID then concludes with a Song of Triumph on the Powers of Harmony, and the seraphic Hymn that attended her, as the Minister of Heaven, on the Creation of the World, p. 1b.*

T H E

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THE  
C U R E  
OF  
S A U L.  
A S A C R E D O D E.



P A R T I.

*Choir.* “**V**ENGANCE, arise from thy infernal Bed ;  
“ And pour thy Tempest on his Guilty Head !”

*Recit. Acc.* Thus Heav’n’s Decree, in Thunder’s Sound,  
Shook the dark Abyfs profound. —  
The unchain’d Furies come !  
Pale *Melancholy* stalks from Hell :  
Th’ abortive Offspring of her Womb,  
*Despair* and *Anguish* round her yell.

By

8            T H E C U R E O F S A U L.

By sleepless Terror SAUL possess'd,  
Deep feels the Fiend within his tortur'd Breast.  
Midnight Spectres round him howl :  
Before his Eyes  
In Troops they rise ;  
And Seas of Horror overwhelm his Soul.

*Recit. acc.* Haste ; to JESSE'S Son repair :

He best can sweep the Lyre,  
Wake the solemn founding Air,  
And lead the vocal Choir :  
On ev'ry String soft-breathing Raptures dwell,  
To sooth the Throbbings of the troubled Breast ;  
Whose magic Voice can bid the Tides of Passion swell,  
Or lull the raging Storm to Rest.

*Recit. acc.* Sunk on his Couch, and loathing Day,

The heav'n-forfaken *Monarch* lay :  
To the sad Couch the *Shepherd* now drew near ;  
And, while th' obedient *Choir* stood round,  
Prepar'd to catch the Soul-commanding Sound,  
He drop'd a gen'rous Tear. —

Thy

## A S A C R E D O D E.

*Song.* Thy pitying Aid, O God, impart !  
For lo, thy Arrows drink his Heart !

*Recit.* The mighty Song from *Chaos* rose. —

*Song.* Around his Throne the lifeless Atoms sleep,  
And drowzy Darkness broods upon the Deep :—

*Recit. acc. Confusion*, wake !

Bid the Realms of *Chaos* shake !

Rouse him from his dread Repose ! —

*Choir.* Hark ! loud *Discord* breaks her Chain :

The hostile Atoms clash with deafning Roar :

Her hoarse Voice thunders through the drear Domain ;

And kindles ev'ry Element to War. —

*Song.* “ Tumult cease !

“ Sink to Peace !

*Recit.* “ Let there be Light ! ” — Th' *Almighty* said :

*Choir.* And lo, the radiant *Sun*,

Flaming from his orient Bed,

His endless Course begun.

*Recit. acc.* See, the twinkling *Pleiads* rise :

Thy Star, *Orion*, reddens in the Skies :

While flow around the northern Plain,  
*Arcturus* wheels his nightly Wane.

*Recit.* Thy Glories, too, refulgent *Moon*, he sung ;  
 Thy mystic Mazes, and thy changeful Ray :

*Song.* O fairest, mildest of the starry Throng !  
 Thy solemn Orb of purest Light  
 Guides the triumphant Carr of Night  
 O'er Silver Clouds, and sheds a softer Day !

*Song and Choir.* Ye *Planets*, and each circling *Constellation*,  
 In Songs harmonious tell your Generation !

*Recit. acc.* Oh, while yon radiant *Seraph* turns the Spheres,  
 And on the steadfast Pole-Star stands sublime,  
 Wheel your Rounds  
 To heav'nly Sounds ;

*Choir.* And sooth his Song-inchanted Ears,  
 With your celestial Chime.

*Recit.* In dumb Surprise the list'ning Monarch lay ;  
 (His Woe suspended by sweet Music's Sway)

And

And awe-struck, with uplifted Eye  
Mus'd on the new-born Wonders of the Sky.

*Recit. acc.* Lead the soothing Verse along :

He feels, he feels the Pow'r of Song. —  
Ocean hastens to his Bed :

The lab'ring Mountain rears his rock-encumber'd Head :

*Song.* Down his steep and shaggy Side

The Torrent rolls his foaming Tide ;

*Song.* Then smooth and clear, along the fertile Plain

Winds his majestic Waters to the Main.

*Recit. acc.* Flocks and Herds the Hills adorn :

The Lark, high-foaring, hails the Morn.

And while along yon crimson-clouded Steep

The slow Sun steals into the golden Deep,

*Song.* Hark ! the solemn Nightingale

Warbles to the woodland Dale.

*Song.* See, descending Angels show'r

Heav'n's own Bliss on *Eden's* Bow'r :

Peace on Nature's Lap reposes ;

Pleasure strews her guiltless Roses :

Joys divine in Circles move,

Link'd with Innocence and Love.

*Choir.* Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd!

All hail, ye sinless Parents of Mankind!

PART





## P A R T II.

*Recit.*    **T**HEY paus'd:—the Monarch, prostrate on his  
                    Bed,

Submissive bow'd his Head;

Ador'd the Works of boundless Pow'r divine:

Then, Anguish-struck, he cry'd (and smote his Breast)

*Song.*    Why, why is Peace the welcome Guest  
                    Of ev'ry Heart but Mine!

*Recit.*    Now let the solemn Numbers flow,  
                    Till he feel that Guilt is Woe.

*Song.*    Heav'nly Harp, in mournful Strain  
                    O'er yon weeping Bow'r complain:

*Recit. acc.* What Sounds of bitter Pangs I hear!  
                    What Lamentations wound mine Ear!  
                    In vain, devoted Pair, these Tears ye shed:  
                    Peace with Innocence is fled.  
                    The Messengers of Grace depart:  
                    Death glares, and shakes the dreadful Dart!

Ah,

Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd,  
To shun that frowning Cherub's firey Sword? —

*Choir.*    Lo!  
Hapless, hapless Pair,  
Goaded by Despair,  
Forlorn, thro' desert Climes they go!

*Song.*    Wake, my Lyre! can Pity sleep,  
When Heav'n is mov'd, and Angels weep!

*Song.*    Flow, ye melting Numbers, flow;  
Till he feel, that Guilt is Woe. —

*Recit. acc.* The King, with Pride, and Shame, and Anguish, torn,  
Shot Fury from his Eyes, and Scorn.  
The glowing Youth,  
Bold in Truth,  
(So still should Virtue guilty Pow'r engage)  
With Brow undaunted met his Rage.  
See, his Cheek kindles into generous Fire:  
Stern, he bends him o'er his Lyre;  
And, while the Doom of Guilt he sings,  
Shakes Horror from the tortur'd Strings.

What

*Recit. acc.* What Sounds of Terror and Distress

Rend yon howling Wildernefs!

*Choir.* The dreadful Thunders found;

The forked Lightnings flafh along the Ground.

*Choir.* Why yawns that deep'ning Gulph below? —

*Song.* 'Tis for Heav'n's rebellious Foe: —

*Recit. acc.* Fly, ye Sons of ISRAEL, fly,

Who dwells in *Korab's* guilty Tents muft die! —

They fink! — Have Mercy, Lord! — Their Cries

In dreadful Tumult rife!

*Choir.* “ Oh fave us, Heav'n! we fink, we die!

*Recit. and Cho.* Hark, from the Deep their loud Laments I hear!

*Recit. and Cho.* They leffen now, and leffen on the Ear!

*Choir.* Now, the Strife of Fate is o'er!

The countlefs Hoft

For ever loft!

Their Cries are heard no more! —

*Recit. acc.* Thus while the frowning *Shepherd* pour'd along

The deep impetuous Torrent of his Song;

SAUL.

SAUL, stung by dire Despair,  
 Gnash'd his Teeth, and tore his Hair :  
 From his Blood, by Horror chill'd,  
 A cold and agonizing Sweat distill'd :  
 Then, foaming with unutterable Smart,  
 He aim'd a Dagger at his Heart.  
 His watchful Train prevent the Blow ;  
 And call each lenient Balm, to heal his frantic Woe :  
 But pleas'd, the *Shepherd* now beheld  
 His Pride by Heav'n's own Terrors quell'd :  
 Then bade his potent Lyre controul  
 The mighty Storm that rent his Soul.

*Song.* Cease your Cares : the Body's Pain  
 A sweet Relief may find :  
 But Gums and lenient Balms are vain,  
 To heal the wounded Mind.

*Song and Choir.* Come, fair *Repentance*, from the Skies,  
 O fainted Maid, with upcast Eyes !  
 Descend in thy celestial Shroud,  
 Veiled in a weeping Cloud !  
 Holy Guide, descend, and bring  
*Mercy* from th' eternal King !

Calm

Calm his Soul, your Beams impart,  
And pour your Comforts o'er his Heart! —

*Recit. acc.* Behold, obedient to their great Command,  
The lifted Dagger quits his trembling Hand :  
Smooth'd is his Brow, where fullen Care  
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Despair :  
No more his Eyes with Fury glow ;  
But heav'nly Grief succeeds to hell-born Woe. —

*Song.* See, the Signs of Grace appear :  
See the soft relenting Tear,  
Trickling at sweet Mercy's Call !  
Catch it, Angels, ere it fall !  
And let the heart-fent Offering rise,  
Heav'n's best-accepted Sacrifice ! —

*Recit. acc.* Yet, yet again? — Ah see, the Pang returns !  
Again with inward Fire his heaving Bosom burns !  
Now, *Shepherds*, wake a mightier Strain ;  
Search the deep, heart rending Pain ;  
Till the large Floods of Sorrow roll,  
And quench the Tortures of his Soul.

*Choir.* Almighty LORD, accept his Pang sincere !  
 Let heav'nly Hope dispell each dark Temptation !  
 And, while he pours the penitential Tear,  
 O visit him with thy Salvation ! —

*Recit. acc.* Stoop from Heav'n, ye raptur'd Throng :  
 Sink, ye swelling Tides of Song !  
 For lo, dissolv'd by Music's melting Pow'r,  
 Celestial Sorrow rolls her plenteous Show'r.  
 O'er his wan Cheek the Colours rise ;  
 And Beams of Comfort brighten in his Eyes.

*Song and Choir.* Happy King, thy Woes are o'er !  
 Thy God shall wound thy Heart no more :  
 The pitying Father of Mankind  
 Meets the pure-returning Mind.

*Recit.* No more shall black Despair afflict his Soul :  
 Each gentler Sound, ye Shepherds, now combine :

*Song and Choir.* Sweetly let the Numbers roll :  
 Sooth him into Hope divine.



## P A R T III.

*Recit.*     **N**O W lowly let the rustic Measure glide,  
               To quell the dark Remains of self-consuming Pride ;  
 Till Nature's home-sprung Blessings he confess,  
 And own that calm Content is Happiness. —

*Recit. acc.* Ye Woods and Lakes, ye Cliffs and Mountains !  
               Haunted Grots, and living Fountains !

*Song.*     Listen to your *Shepherd's* Lay,  
               Whose artless Carols close the Day.

*Song.*     Bounding Kids around him throng ;  
               The steep Rock echoes back his Song :

*Recit. acc.* While all unseen to mortal Eye,  
               Sliding down the evening Sky,  
 Holy *Peace*, tho' born above,  
 Daughter of *Innocence* and *Love*,

Quits her Throne and Mansion bright,  
 Her Crown of Stars, and Robe of Light,  
 Serene, in gentle Smiles array'd,  
 To dwell beneath his Palm-Tree Shade.

*Song.* Hail, meek Angel ! awful Guest !  
 Still pour thy Radiance o'er my Breast !

*Song.* Let *Pride* and *Hate* in Court and City shine :  
 The *Shepherd's* calm and blameless Tent is Thine !—

*Recit. acc.* Softly, softly breath your Numbers ;  
 And wrap his weary'd Soul in Slumbers !

*Song.* Gentle Sleep, becalm his Breast,  
 And close his Eyes in healing Rest !

*Recit. acc.* Descend, celestial Visions, ye who wait,  
 God's ministring Pow'rs, at Heav'n's eternal Gate !  
 Silent, waft him to the Skies,  
 And open all Heav'n's Glories to his Eyes !  
 Beyond yon starry Roof, by *Seraphs* trod,  
 Where Light's unclouded Fountains blaze ;

*Choir.* Where Choirs immortal hymn their God,  
 Intransc'd in Ecstasy of ceaseless Praise.

Angels,



*Song.* Angels, heal his Anguish !  
 Your Harps and Voices joyn !  
 His Grief to Bliss shall languish,  
 When sooth'd by Sounds divine.

*Recit.* Behold, with dawning Joy each Feature glows !  
 See, the blissful Tear o'erflows !—

*Choir and Song.* The Fiend is fled !— Let *Musick's* Rapture rise :  
 Now, *Harmony*, thy ev'ry Nerve employ :  
 Shake the Dome, and pierce the Skies :  
 Wake him, wake him into Joy.—

*Recit.* What Pow'r can every Passion's Throe controul ?  
 What Pow'r can boast the Charm divine,  
 To still the Tempest of the Soul ?

*Choir.* Celestial *Harmony*, that mighty Charm is Thine !

*Recit. acc.* She, heav'nly-born, came down to visit Earth,  
 When from GOD's eternal Throne  
 The Beam of all-creative *Wisdom* shone,  
 And spake fair Order into Birth.  
 At *Wisdom's* Call she robed yon glittering Skies,  
 Attun'd the Spheres, and taught consenting Orbs to rise.

Angels

Angels wrapt in Wonder stood,  
And saw that All was Fair, and All was Good.

*Choir.* 'Twas then, ye Sons of God, in bright Array  
Ye shouted o'er Creation's Day :  
Then kindling into Joy,  
The Morning Stars together sung ;  
And thro' the vast etherial Sky  
Seraphic Hymns and loud Hosannahs rung.

THE END.







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